

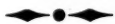
THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy. Grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

—St. Francis of Assisi.



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JANUARY-FEBRUARY
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Europe Calling!

Esteemed Uncle Sam:-

Many over here desire to thank you for help received from your excellent Bible and Evangelistic Exponents. News reaches us regarding aggressive plans to promote Revival. Some messages are very heart-searching. Listen to one of your Hebrew Christians, a converted lawyer. He challenges us:

"Are you willing to be stripped of selfish Christianity that takes everything from God and gives nothing? Are you willing to have it replaced by a heroic, courageous, sacrificial, victorious Christianity? May God give us all grace to lay down our lives for Christ even as He laid down His life for us."

In this hour of distress of nations, many eyes are turned toward your great and powerful country. Suppose the above challenge (uttered by Hyman J. Appelman, the Evangelistic Pioneer) should grip the true believers in America, what would be the outcome? I venture to say that the inspiring news would speedily flash like a searchlight across this continent. The missionaries would be cheered. Some would cry out, "Revive Thy work, O Lord, and send convicting power." Others would be led to say in deep contrition, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Some of your people may reply, "But remember we lay down our money for food and clothing." We agree, yet the Holy Spirit pleads: "Wilt thou lay down thy life for Him who says, 'Follow Me'?" Our crucified, risen Redeemer needs those who are prepared and filled with the martyr-spirit. Will all who honestly desire the will of God, spare a few minutes to meditate on Hebrews 11.32-40? Give the Holy Spirit your yielded heart. May those heroes of faith arouse every one to plead, "Lord, take my life and let it be, absolutely ALL FOR THEE."

Your decision will arouse despairing souls in Europe and elsewhere. God our loving Father has placed before you a wide open door. Hear, O hear the Saviour's cry from Calvary's Cross: "IT IS FINISHED." The world wants to know why He died such a humiliating death. Shall we not cease all our lame excuses, remembering: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." Read II Corinthians 5.10, and lift up your heart: "Lord, prepare me now, for that great display of Divine Justice."

Yours in prayer-fellowship for America's millions,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne Road, Croydon, England.

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A Prayer for the New Year

by the REV. WALTER J. GRAIG,

Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, New York.

Almighty and Eternal God, who makest all things new, and who abidest forever the same, grant us to commence this day and this year in Thy faith and to continue it in Thy favor, that being guided in all our doings, and guarded in all our days, we may spend our lives in Thy service, and so at last by Thy grace attain unto the glory of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O God our Heavenly Father, before whose face the generations of men arise and pass away, and yet whose eternal truth abideth forever in the hearts of those who seek to know Thee, we bless Thy Holy Name that we are conscious of the indwelling of Thy Holy Spirit, conscious of the light which has shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Thanks be unto Thee, our Father, for the natal season, for the warmth of its love, for its kindled affection in our own hearts, and for the deep stratum of love which has been revealed to us in Christ Jesus. Thanks be unto Thee, O God, for the unspeakable gift of light, the light which has shined in our hearts. May it continue to shine, our Father, undimmed by the passing days of this new year into which we have been thrust.

We would not step over the boundaries or the beginnings of this new year, our Father, unless Thou dost go with us. Take us not up hence, unless there is the kindling affection and understanding within our hearts of One who has remained with us in the past, and who is once more bringing up the rearward. Unless those things which have been unkind, and those things which have been evil, in the fibre of our being, and those mistakes which have been made, be cast aside, then we shall not enter joyfully into the new year.

But, O God, Thou art a God of redemption and of mercy, and Thou hast said that our sins will be cast into the sea of oblivion. May they be only remembered by us, our Father, as we realize their deep lesson, the significance of which has to do with our eternal natures. For we each do sin and fall far short of the glory of God. And if we shall drag these heavy burdens of the past with us, our Father, there shall be no joy within our hearts. Take away from our minds the sins Thou hast forgiven, the mistakes of yesterday, and grant us, O God, that we may go forth confident in a strength which is greater than our own, a strength which shall undergird the passing days, and make us to be indwelt by a power outside of ourselves, which makes for eternal righteousness.

This is a new year and a new day of beginnings, our God. May it be for each one of us a new consecration of heart and of mind and of soul, not unto those things that are secondary, but unto those things which are real and abiding. Help us to sift by Thy divine Spirit error and truth, so that there may be present for us, in the maze of life which is about us, only those things which are destined to live eternally.

We ask, Heavenly Father, for Thy blessing upon the Church as we go forth into the new year. May it be a year in which, by Thy indwelling Spirit, there may come more of the knowledge of God into the minds of men, and more of the love of Jesus into our souls, more of the deep consecration of spirit to which Thou art constantly calling us. Bless all of us in the understanding of the deep and essential things of life, O God, that we may be conscious that Thou art with us, who art the way, the truth and the life.

Hear us in our devotions this day. Grant Thy richest blessing upon the nations of the world. May this new year mean a step forward for the kingdom of love and righteousness, for which Jesus gave His life. And to that end, O God, may our statesmen and our people together seek Him who turneth the shadows of the night into the blessed light of the morning. Grant that, the government of the nations of the world being upon the shoulders of Him who is the Prince of Peace, there may come righteousness and goodness and understanding and love into the councils and into the hearts of men everywhere.

Hear us, our Father, forgive us of all that is unworthy, and grant us now to step forth confidently, in the consciousness that Thou art by our side, to strengthen, to invigorate, and to give us light. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Letters from Israel

Tel Aviv, Israel, December 30, 1949.

Dear Friends in Christ:-

Herewith we present a brief survey of the past year, which is already drawing to its close. During this year we have had 8295 patients, approximately half the number that we used to have in the old clinic (there the total reached as many as 19,000 a year). The registration of patients takes place in three rooms, the doctor's room, the room for electric treatments, and the dressings-room, then the totals are combined to give the full number of patients received for the day. The most "populous" months of the year are the summer ones, the least "populous" the winter. In Europe, exactly the reverse is true. The greater number of the summer patients are those who suffer from the terrible, exhausting summer heat. This is no ordinary, simple kind of weakness, such as may occur during the summer even in Europe, but a sort of pathological, debilitating prostration of all the functions of the organism, especially among the city-dwellers. It is difficult to imagine what takes place when the sub-tropical sun uninterruptedly blazes down, during the long summer days in a large city, upon the asphalt of the streets and the high stone buildings. The asphalt becomes soft as ointment, so that you can stick your fingers into it, unless indeed you are afraid of getting burned. Everything together produces an atmosphere and an air in which one can hardly breathe. Hundreds and thousands of patients come to the clinic during the summer, in order to obtain a little relief.

But what of the personnel of the clinic? How do they feel in the summer? The patients who come to be treated do not usually take an interest in the feelings of those who are ready to help them. Unfortunately, the staff of the clinic suffers just as much exhaustion as the patients from the summer heat and suffocation. But they have a source of strength and reinforcement in another place, from above; and with His help, and by His power, they minister so far as possible to the exhausted patients. For all this, glory be to Him!

There is another category of summer patients—those who suffer from purulent and skin diseases. The lowering of resistance in the body contributes to the spread of these diseases. Against the purulent diseases we now have a wonderful remedy, penicillin, which the American-European Fellowship, through Dr. Smith, has been kindly supplying to us for a number of months. On our own account and that of the patients, we tender our hearty thanks for this aid.

The skin diseases, and other ailments, are treated in our electric room, where we have two large ultra-violet lamps. Nurse Naumenko-Ostrovskaya is kept very busy here. She works self-sacrificingly, so that her strength is often exhausted. There are many patients in the room; through the open windows, in the summer, one gets no relief, and the ultra-violet lamps and the other machines only add to the heat. Barely able to keep on her feet, she hurries from one patient to another, trying to make some headway everywhere, since the regulation of the current in the machines and the illumination by the lamps, during the treatments, require exactness to the minute. In the room are many patients, who are sitting at the machines or under the lamps, while others are in the hall waiting their turn. This goes on for long hours, they keep going away, and others take their places. Every patient who receives treatment is entered in the registration book.

In the dressings-room the picture is quite different. Here there are no lamps or machines, but two marble-topped tables and three cupboards. On the tables are a sterilizer, syringes, hypodermic needles, ampoules, bandages, cotton, and in the cupboards are medicines, jars, small bottles, ointments, scalpels, etc. Here Nurse Dossik holds sway. She has worked in the clinic for twelve years now, and has had much experience. Tens of thousands of patients have passed through her hands during this period. If we were to stretch out in a single line all the bandages that she has used on the patients in this time, they would perhaps reach from here all the way to New York, or even to Yonkers (for that, she would have to work a few more years!). At any rate, they would certainly extend as far as Paris or Prague. She works swiftly, always at a high rate of speed, for she always has, if possible, even more patients than there are in the other divisions of the clinic. In the old clinic she used to care for as many as seventy, or sometimes a hundred, patients in a day. There were an incredible number of patients infected with diseases of the eyes, coming from Jaffa. Now we have fewer such patients, but still a tolerable number.

Sister Dossik is our "matron." She knows at the same time what is going on in the electric room and in the doctor's office, and, in case of need, she comes to help us, and is active here, there, and everywhere. She loves to run the household, and knows how to manage it well. Though her character is somewhat severe, and her voice is that of a commander, the patients love her very much, for they know that she sympathizes with them and has compassion for them. She is especially fond of children. Mothers with sick children in their arms are given the first turn in the doctor's room, in spite of the frequent protests of other patients. She loves her work. In the dressings-room she has tracts and Gospels. Looking out into the hall, and seeing a patient who is sitting idly, awaiting his turn, she invariably thrusts a tract into his hands. Two texts hang on the walls of the dressings-room: one is, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and on the other wall, "Jesus Christ is the King of Israel." These often serve as the entering-point for conversations. The Hebrew patients do not agree: "Jesus Christ is not the King of the Jews, and He never will be." Nurse Dossik, however, believes and thinks otherwise. While bandaging the patients, she explains to them from the Scriptures that Christ is yet coming to reign over Israel.

While we are on the subject of texts, let me say that we have many of these on our walls, especially in the hallways. It is like having an open Bible nailed up on the walls, opened at a number of places at once. In the electric room we have this text on the wall: "I am the way, the truth, and the life.—Jesus Christ." One woman who was receiving a short-wave treatment turned her head and looked long at those words. And while the electric

current was penetrating her sick body, another kind of "current" was penetrating her sick soul. Suddenly she turned to the nurse with the indignant exclamation: "We cannot receive Him, and we never will receive Him, never!" Nurse Naumenko-Ostrovskaya came up to her, and a conversation began.

Over the door of the doctor's room, as one approaches it from the hall, hang texts which are changed from time to time. Some of these are: "For unto us a child is born . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, . . . the mighty God" (Isaiah 9.6); "We have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53.6); "'One is not,' Joseph's brethren said to Joseph," etc. The largest text of all, which escaped the destruction in the old clinic, is over six feet long, and contains the words of the prophet Zechariah: "And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced" (Zechariah 12.10). On one wall hangs a small case with a glass front, and within, behind the glass, is a large Bible, opened at the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, with these words underscored in red: "With his stripes we are healed." The atmosphere is one of testimony. Wherever the eye may glance, it falls upon something said of Him. And truly He is worthy of praise!

Every Saturday the medical work is suspended for a time, and the Word of God comes to life, it comes down, as it were, from the walls, and is preached audibly from the pulpit. We have guest speakers on some Saturdays: a certain brother from Finland, Brother Lindsey from America (who works in Jerusalem), and others, but our chief speaker is Brother Ostrovsky. He is absolute master of the Hebrew tongue, has a profound knowledge of the Bible, and a fervent, deep, sincere faith. All of these make his words powerfully convincing, so that they disturb the conscience and the soul. And frequently the task of convicting Israel of his two thousand years of unbelief and apostasy requires all the forcefulness of the ancient prophets. More than once, listening to him, I have thought: "Surely that is just the way the ancient prophets accused Israel, when God sent them to speak, whether the people would hear them or not." However, the Spirit who was active then is still active now, that is, the Holy Spirit.

The last three Saturdays our speaker has been Brother J. W. Clapham, of New Zealand, and every time the audience was larger than before. Last time there was not enough room for them to sit down, so they stood. He is truly a man of God, filled with the Holy Spirit and with unlimited love for his Saviour. He spoke of the serpents in the wilderness, which stung the children of Israel so many thousands of years ago, when they had just come out of Egypt, and of the serpents which are stinging Israel now. How he spoke! It seemed as though the serpents actually appeared among us in the hall, glided among the listeners, and crept into their very souls, and they could not rid themselves of these terrible serpents, which entwined themselves about their minds and hearts. He spoke of the great God, who, being holy and just, and not allowing the former disobedience of sinners to go unpunished, still did not leave them without His love, but sent them at that time true healing. Israel was healed then, and he can be healed even now. But only on one condition, which is the same now as it was then: faith. Then, he who looked in faith upon the brazen serpent, was healed: now, he who looks in faith upon His wounds, is healed. Unbelief leads only to destruction, both then and now. There is no distinction. We felt a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, we felt the might and power of irrevocable truth. The Lord spoke through His humble servant. Everyone heard him with profound attentiveness.

Yours in Him,

JAMES YUK.



ADELE DOSSIK



VERA NAUMENKO-OSTROVSKAYA

Tel Aviv, December 24, 1949.

Dear Sister in Christ:-

I do not know how to thank you for your care for us, and, no doubt, for the other children of God. I was saying to Dr. Yuk that since you came into this work, our clinic has really made progress, with regard to medical supplies. We know now that we are not forgotten: one time it is cotton, another time penicillin and so on, and then there are CARE packages besides. I repeat, I don't know how to express my gratitude: "thank you" is not enough to say. The only thing we can do is to ask our Almighty Protector to bless your labor; and that, indeed, we do.

Now something about our work. The year is drawing to a close, and with it we are as it were turning another page in the life of our clinic. We do not know what awaits us in the new year, but we have much to thank God for in the year which is past. He has given us a year of peace and tranquillity, and has sent us many patients, especially during the summer months. Many have heard the Word of God, several for the first time, especially the newly arrived immigrants. Now almost the whole of Jaffa is inhabited by those who have survived the concentration camps of Europe. Many of these are broken in soul and body, and they come to the clinic for treatment; but only the risen Christ can give them relief. With His help we are bringing them the good news of their true salvation from sin and eternal loss. Pray for us. May the Lord bless you during the coming New Year.

ADELE DOSSIK.

Dear Sister in the Lord:-

I thank you heartily for your attention and care for us; especially for the food-package, which I received a few days ago. I am very glad, and thank the Lord for His care. Forgive the brevity of my letter. We have a great deal of work here, and very little time in which to write. Besides, I think Dr. Yuk has described our work for you in more detail. We pray for you, that the Lord may give you strength to work in His vineyard for His glory.

VERA NAUMENKO-OSTROVSKAYA.

Christmas and the New Year in Argentina

The festival of the birth of Christ is undoubtedly the most joyful and triumphant holiday in the Christian calendar. This is altogether natural. Why should we not rejoice? The greatest event in all the history of the world has taken place. God has sent a great gift to mankind, the promised Messiah. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Galatians 4.4-5). It will soon be two thousand years since those good tidings of great joy were proclaimed from the heavens: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2.10-11).

In spite of all the terror and poverty existing on earth, the ransomed children of God, living according to the commandments of Christ, are consoled at all times by His changeless promises. Earthly life passes like a dream, but there, eternal joy awaits those who are faithful to Him. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Revelation 21.4). Then while we are on earth, let us be faithful to the Lord, fulfilling His commandment to spread His good news of salvation to those who have not yet known or heard it.

Every year, Christmas affords us a splendid opportunity for this proclamation to unbelievers, and it also brings great joy to those who have believed in Him. Our central church in Buenos Aires is gradually increasing in its membership, owing to the new arrivals from various parts of the country, and from other countries, as well as the new converts.

Christmas meetings, with special programs, were held not only in the center, but also in different parts of the city, and in the suburbs. Some of the brethren were sent also to other remote cities in our field, to aid in the conduct of meetings there in the provinces. This year it happened that I passed the holidays at our center. In spite of the rainy weather we had, our large hall was filled with people. A Christmas tree, beautifully decorated, and laden with presents for the children, adorned an elevated platform at the front. The children impatiently awaited their turn to recite their verses and sing Psalms. After them followed the young people, the youths and girls. Throughout the program we had the pleasure of hearing the chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Brother A. Kravchuk, their experienced conductor for many years. We also heard duets, quartets, etc. We spoke of the birth of Christ, its meaning and importance. There was much joy and edification. May the Lord bless all this abundantly for His glory and the salvation of souls. At the end, the presents were distributed to the children. Then the meeting was concluded, with gratitude to the Lord.

The following Saturday evening, after Christmas, on the eve of the New Year, we had a prayer-meeting, with a union program. The main theme of this meeting, which lasted from five to seven o'clock, was prayer for the unity of all believers. The members of two local Russian churches were present and took part in the ministry of the Word. Special emphasis was laid upon the words spoken by our Lord: "That they may be one" (John 17.11). These were the words of His prayer for us before the Heavenly Father. In prayer we asked the Lord to give us power to overcome all human obstacles to the unity of the true children of God.

From ten o'clock in the evening until one o'clock at night we had a union service of two churches, in the Evangelical Christian Church. This was our Watch-Night service, and it was a very joyful meeting. The message was brought by several brethren from both churches. The choir of the local church, and a quartet from the church of the Evangelical Christians and Baptists, furnished the music. Much was said which tended to edification, as we reviewed the past year, and reflected how we need to conduct ourselves more prudently, and to be more useful, in the New Year.

At twelve o'clock, when the old year 1949 came to an end, the siren gave a blast, the bells rang, the factory whistles blew, there was a great deal of noise and shouting on the street, and so on. At that time we all fell on our knees before the Lord, and in turn voiced our fervent prayers of gratitude for the past year, in which He had given us the opportunity of service and of testimony. We also asked the Lord to give us opportunities and wisdom to be more useful in the new year. With Moses, the man of God, we would exclaim with all our hearts: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90.12). After prayer, we congratulated one another upon the New Year, expressing all good wishes.

On the first day of the New Year, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we had a meeting with a baptismal service, which was well attended. Before the baptism, we preached from the Word of God upon this theme, demonstrating conclusively how baptism is the ordinance of God, and how it must be performed. At this time there sat in the front rows, invested with their white robes, nineteen persons who had decided to enter into this covenant with the Lord. Some of them were well advanced in years, but the most of them were young people, youths and girls. There were three sisters who recently arrived from Europe, "displaced persons"; one of them is a doctor of medicine by profession. They have suffered much during the late war. Even more than the others, they were glad and grateful to the Lord. One after another, they were buried in the waters of baptism, that they might rise as new creatures in Christ, to lead a new life in Him. "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Romans 6.4).

After the baptism, there was prayer for those who had entered into covenant relationship with God, and then the Lord's Supper was celebrated. We thanked God and prayed Him to send down blessing and wisdom upon us and upon His work among our people, and also upon His children everywhere, in the dawning New Year of 1950.

We heartily thank the Lord for our friends in the United States of America, who so kindly are helping us in our labor on His harvest-field here among the Slavonic people scattered in so many different lands. May the Lord reward you a thousandfold. With brotherly love,

Yours in His service,

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

Recent Additions to the Board of Directors

To the Board of Directors of the American-European Fellowship there have recently been added the names of Dr. David J. Fant, General Secretary of the New York Bible Society, and the Rev. Walter J. Graig, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y. The Fellowship is glad and proud to welcome these loyal friends into the circle of its official family. May God's blessing rest upon them as they, through their labor, abundantly bless others.

Bearing Precious Seed

St. Petersburg, Florida, January 15, 1950.

Dear Friends in the Lord:-

"His promises are sure." We are in the midst of a busy tourist season. The climate is perfect, since we are experiencing an early spring. All nature is awakening, and the time of the singing of birds is come. It is also a time of unusual opportunities for making contacts with those who flock here for a brief visit, to bask in the sunshine. They are at leisure, and some will take time to consider the all-important matter of the welfare of their souls. Because of the urgency of getting out among the people now, I shall not be able to write a long letter at present.

I referred to a camp in New Jersey in my last letter, and asked for prayer that I might do God's bidding. After waiting upon the Lord for some time, liberty to proceed was given one morning. It was thrilling to see how the way opened. The proprietor's wife encountered me at the entrance. She had previously discouraged others from entering the colony of perhaps thirty cottages. After a friendly talk of some ten minutes, she gave me permission to call on the dear Jewish folk there. The Way of Life was made plain to about thirty of them, the Lord giving liberty and witnessing to the truth by His Spirit. All took the Bible portions, and two accepted the New Testament, consenting to read it. Other places in New Jersey were also visited. In each one, we found opportunities to witness and distribute literature, especially in Washington, where several Jewish men seemed eager to know more about the Christian faith.

On our return trip to Florida, we paused again in Petersburg, Virginia, and in Fayetteville, North Carolina. This time we met the owner of the restaurant in Petersburg. After hearing a brief testimony, he seemed eager for the New Testament which we offered him, readily consenting to read it. We then went to look up the two men we had met in North Carolina on our way North, both of whom had accepted the Lord as their personal Saviour. We encountered only the younger man in the shop, but his testimony for himself and for the owner was most heartening. Personally, he is better able to meet the trials in his own home, since he has become a believer, and the "boss" is no longer the drinking man he was. What a wonderful Saviour we have! Again New Testament portions and literature were distributed along the way. On many occasions we praised the Lord for prospering the trip and for seeing us safely through.

Since my return here, more difficulties have had to be overcome. The enemy continues his attacks upon my body, in order to hinder my testimony to Israel. Satan does not give up without a fight to the finish. Praise God, the victory is ours, but not without the conflict of faith.

There are increasingly larger groups of Jewish folk flocking to the lovely beaches on the Gulf of Mexico, so close to St. Petersburg. Recently three such groups were contacted. In one of them there were perhaps fifty persons. Grace and liberty were given, in answer to petition to God, to go in alone among each of them. The reception given me was cordial: not one refused the Scripture portions, or manifested even a resentful spirit. In the second group, which was smaller, several could be dealt with personally to good advantage, one dear man manifesting sufficient interest to offer to pay for the literature, and several others saying how much they appreciated such contacts. In the third group, at quite a distance from the others, the same liberty was not experienced, though the literature was not received unkindly.

The effort seemed disappointing. But on the way home, a dear Jewess was visited for the first time on her large chicken-farm. Like Lydia, she gave heed to what was being said to her, but her heart was heavy because of the persecution which her boy is experiencing at school. May she find comfort and strength from reading the New Testament left with her.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee" (Psalm 122.6). "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalm 126.6).

Sincerely yours in the service of the Lord,

JEAN W. RHODE.

The Salvation of a Robber Band

After several years, on account of some joyful national happening, an amnesty was granted, giving Paul Tikhomirov and George Soloviev their liberty. Taking leave of those convicts who had been converted, they commended their spiritual children to God: all cried at the parting. Tikhomirov and Soloviev began their journey on foot, in the direction of Irkutsk-Tomsk. Their most ardent desire was to succeed in getting into European Russia, to their homes, of which they still had feeble recollections. Everyone whom they met on their wanderings, or in the lodgings, took an interest in them and asked who they were, where they came from, and where they were going. All were deeply moved by the life-story of the former robbers, and in the hearts of many the desire was awakened to serve the Lord also. In many of the colonies they found believing brethren, with whom they spent the evenings in brotherly discussions and the reading of the Word of God. The believers rejoiced in the triumph of the Gospel, manifested in the conversion of the lost sinners, and glorified the name of the Lord. In one of the settlements, where they spent Sunday and testified to a large congregation concerning their former life and their conversion, a great awakening began: a goodly number of souls turned to the Lord. This brought great joy to all.

In the first days of spring, when all nature was coming to new life after winter's long sleep, the migratory birds flew in large flocks toward their old homes, where in the fall they had left their nests behind. Tikhomirov and Soloviev hastened toward their home town, where, however, their houses had been destroyed long ago. In their wanderings, they kept close to the railroad. Vainly Tikhomirov tried to remember the name of the station where he had lost his parents and his sister. He would have liked to see once more the pile of snow-fences, in the shadow of which, in his childhood, he had passed through so much sorrow and hardship. As he remembered his experience, tears ran down his cheeks, and he exclaimed: "Oh, my beloved ones, you have all forsaken me, and now I have to wander about alone in this wide world!" But then he remembered that neither had the Son of God a place of refuge on this earth; even among His own He was quite alone.

Towards the close of the day the wanderers drew nigh to a small town, situated on the bank of the river not far from the railroad. Turning into one of the streets, they asked the people: "Are there any believers?" A neat little house among the tall pines was pointed out to them. Nearing the place, they noticed two children playing at the door of the house, and in the yard a young, well-dressed lady, quite busy: yet she greeted them kindly. The men told her that they were believers, and asked for lodging. The young

woman led them into the house, saying, "For the brethren in the Lord there will always be a place." Thereupon she called her husband, who was working in the garden. He came at once, greeted the guests cordially, and conversed with them, while his wife hastened to prepare the tea.

Before the water in the samovar came to a boil, she had milked two cows and set the table. What a feast! large pieces of fresh butter, cream, a big pitcher of rich milk, two or three kinds of cake, boiled eggs, and wonderful white bread—it was all a sight for the eyes of the hungry wanderers. The large lamp threw a bright light on the snow-white tablecloth, and the shining samovar hummed cheerfully. The friendly lady of the house entered in her white embroidered apron and said to her husband, "Ask the brethren to come to the table." They sat down to the well-laden board, and the head of the home asked the blessing. He thanked the Lord for His love and care, and for the guests, and asked Him to keep them in faith and bless the food.

It was the first time in the life of Tikhomirov that he had sat at a table so richly laden, among such a hospitable and kind family. His heart overflowed with joy and delight. The children, a boy and a girl, also occupied places at the table, and listened attentively to the conversation. Tikhomirov, at the call to supper, had to stop relating the story of his experience at the point where the robbers in the dense woods began to read the New Testament, which they had stolen from the murdered travellers. At the request of the head of the house, he now continued his story. In vivid words he pictured how the Gospel had entered into his own and his comrade's heart, how they regretted their evil deeds, and then decided to change their way of living and deliver themselves up to justice; how the state attorney was converted, and how they were sentenced. Further, he told them of his stay in the transfer prisons, and the years he spent in compulsory labor, till he received amnesty. The hosts could not take their eyes from the narrator, and the lady of the house often wiped the flowing tears from her cheeks, as if she wanted to hide them from the others.

During this narration the time passed unnoticed, until the large clock loudly announced the midnight hour; then they all knelt and thanked God for His wonderful grace in the salvation of the lost sinners. When the lady of the house arose, greatly moved, she said: "But where do you want to go now?"

"We determined to return to our former homes," answered Tikhomirov.

"Do you still have relatives there?" she asked.

"Yes, Soloviev still has a mother, who is a believer, and lives in the government of Kiev. But I have nobody, neither father nor mother; I am simply going to look up my childhood home, my village in the government of Mogilev. First of all, however, I have the great desire to tell my countrymen of Christ and His love for them."

"Have you been an orphan for a long time?" inquired the hostess.

"I lost my parents when I was eight years old; I lost them here in Siberia on our migration trip. My father died two days before the passing away of my mother."

The lady seized the table with both hands, and stood leaning forward, looking Tikhomirov deep in the eyes. Her husband looked at her in surprise; he could not understand why she was questioning the guest so thoroughly, instead of preparing the beds for the night. Tikhomirov continued: "We, my sister and I, were left orphans; she was a little older than I was. The day after the death of our mother, I lost her out of my sight, and up to this moment I do not know what has become of her. Surely she must have per-

ished like so many orphan children of the immigrants, because of the impossible living conditions. She was a good girl, and cared for me as if she had been my mother." And Tikhomirov began to weep.

Pale as death, and with tears streaming down her face, the hostess exclaimed: "Is it possible that this is you, my beloved brother, Pasha? Tell me quickly! my heart tells me it is you."

"Shura! do my eyes really see you? you, my angel, my beloved!" he cried, weeping like a child.

"Yes, it is I! I am your sister; you, my beloved! How my heart cried out for you!" The brother and sister threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed, and wept. Then Tikhomirov reached out for the children, who, crying, looked at the mother; presently he kissed the children and the husband of his sister. Even Soloviev took part in the general joy, and was greatly touched by the unexpected reunion of the brother and sister.

Oh, what joy there was! Shura was so excited that she did not know what to do first; again and again she drew near to Pasha, put her arms around him, and said: "Is it truly you, my brother? Do I really see you? Oh, what joy! As you neared our house, I had the impression of having found something valuable; my heart was full of an unspeakable joy. I did not know how it came. I was prepared at once to offer you refreshment and lodging. After all the distress that I have experienced, I am ready to help other needy ones also, but in this case my heart yearned especially to do so. Now I know why: it was my beloved brother who came to me; for twenty years we have not seen each other. What a joy!"

Again they fell on their knees, and praised God with such fervency as never before. Even the five-year-old daughter of Shura prayed: "Dear Saviour, I thank Thee that Thou hast brought Uncle Pasha to us." They all cried, and the husband, Alexey Vasilievich, thanked God for the great favor that had been granted to his wife.

(To be concluded)

His Unspeakable Gift

Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, December 22, 1949.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!" This is the Christmas season once more; therefore we take pleasure in expressing our thanks unto God for having permitted us to have the privilege of bearing the Good News to lost mankind. And also our appreciation for the opportunity to be co-workers with you in this great labor. Viewed in the light of eternity, it is the only lasting work, and we pray to be imbued to the full with a sense of its importance and our responsibility. May no soul be able to say that because of our lack, it has not heard. We appreciate deeply your faithful standing with us in prayer, both for ourselves and for the people.

In a sense, Christmas has grown meaningless. Ceremonies have robbed the personal knowledge of the Lord of its halo, its sanctifying influence and its saving power. Will you pardon an illustration from personal recollection? During my wanderings in unbelief, I was employed, in Cologne on the Rhine, by a religious man. He took me once to the meeting which he attended; but I must have slept through it, for I do not recollect anything about it, only that it did not attract me. Just what made my employer invite me to his home for Christmas dinner, I do not know; perhaps desire for merits. These two old people were kind, but it certainly did not improve my moody spirits. Perhaps

that caused their inquiry, whether I was lonesome. I could not arouse myself to any degree of joy or thankfulness. It was not a longing for home or fellowship that pervaded me. I had no desire to return to circumstances which I had left without taking leave, or telling whither I was bound. The narrow religious ceremonies which I remembered from my youth had no attraction for me. My one thought was, When could I get to America? There was a struggle of six years, during which I had only this one aim before me.

How little did I dream what awaited me, how my longing would be fulfilled! It was not money that I was after, but something indescribably greater. And the Lord satisfied my desire in an unexpected way, in the highest calling and supreme goal—Christ Jesus! He, who had been presented to me as a mere picture, from the babe in the manger to the figure on the Cross, became a reality, my Saviour and Lord.

The vain religious activities had left me empty, from the "putting on merriment for the celebration of the Christ-child's birth" through the "putting on tears at Easter-time" and the "empty celebration of Whitsuntide." All mere talk, pictures and statues, with no reality! And is not that experience the very same today to many, perhaps more emphasized by the so-called freedom to cast aside all religious restraint. Satan certainly played a master-stroke when he replaced real fellowship with the Lord by gilded ceremonies, including candle-light and incense. No wonder there is a bitter thanklessness to the Lord, for the deluded ones do not see what they have to be thankful for.

Perhaps what moved me most into this mood of writing was an experience of recent days. A young husband, who came to the light shortly before his marriage, is trying to interest his young wife in the Word of God. But she remains obdurate, perhaps instructed by the priests. All the seed sown seems to fall by the wayside. But lately she asked, in my presence, why the saints should not be esteemed, since certainly they were exemplary in their life and faith. I asked her to consider what any of the real saints would say to her, if they were to come back, and she were to ask them what to do. Would they not enjoin her to follow the Lord, just as they had done?

Her husband was in the meeting the next day, very elated over it all, saying that she had kept him awake until midnight with various questions. Pray also for the brother-in-law, an open infidel, with whom we are trying to deal. The husband gives us joy in the evidence of his progress.

The urgency of the situation here makes us keep on with our work, though circumstances would indicate otherwise. We leave it in the hands of the Lord to direct how long we may yet work here. May He grant to you all, the consciousness of His presence in the New Year, till His appearance becomes real.

In His glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Pastor Goetze's Journey

Pastor Bernhard Götze, of Uslar/Solling, Germany, is planning a visit to the United States and Canada, in response to numerous invitations from mission-friends. He will arrive in New York at the end of April, and spend about six months touring this country and Canada. Will you not talk with your pastor about this, and if you are interested in having Pastor Götze speak in your church this spring or summer, write direct to the American-European Fellowship at our Yonkers address? He brings a powerful message, and has a great story to tell of experiences during the war and afterwards.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—December, 1949, January, 1950
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depository for all gifts.)

33689---\$25.00	33753---\$25.00	33817---\$1.00	33881---\$5.00
33690---3.00	33754---2.20	33818---10.00	33882---2.00
33691---12.00	33755---25.00	33819---5.00	33883---5.00
33692---2.00	33756---1.00	33820---20.00	33884---2.00
33693---40.00	33757---25.00	33821---25.00	33885---3.00
33694---1.00	33758---10.00	33822---1.00	33886---20.00
33695---3.00	33759---3.00	33823---1.00	33887---5.00
33696---1.00	33760---5.00	33824---75.00	33888---10.00
33697---2.00	33761---10.00	33825---5.00	33889---100.00
33698---2.00	33762---100.00	33826---1.00	33890---50.00
33699---5.00	33763---5.00	33827---3.00	33891---10.00
33700---5.00	33764---1.00	33828---50.00	33892---1.00
33701---25.00	33765---15.00	33829---3.00	33893---2.00
33702---10.00	33766---35.00	33830---15.00	33894---10.00
33703---1.00	33767---5.00	33831---10.00	33895---10.00
33704---10.00	33768---10.00	33832---5.00	33896---5.00
33705---10.00	33769---1.00	33833---5.00	33897---10.00
33706---1.00	33770---2.00	33834---1.00	33898---3.00
33707---50.00	33771---2.00	33835---1.00	33899---15.00
33708---50.00	33772---5.00	33836---5.00	33900---25.00
33709---5.00	33773---5.00	33837---50.00	33901---2.00
33710---50.00	33774---120.00	33838---10.00	33902---2.00
33711---6.00	33775---5.00	33839---5.00	33903---100.00
33712---200.00	33776---1.00	33840---5.55	33904---5.00
33713---20.00	33777---1.00	33841---2.00	33905---75.00
33714---5.00	33778---16.00	33842---30.00	33906---12.75
33715---15.00	33779---1.00	33843---65.00	33907---1.00
33716---75.00	33780---2.00	33844---51.00	33908---6.00
33717---1.00	33781---7.00	33845---5.00	33909---5.00
33718---2.00	33782---2.00	33846---10.00	33910---1.00
33719---150.00	33783---1.00	33847---5.00	33911---1.00
33720---2.00	33784---8.00	33848---5.00	33912---35.00
33721---3.00	33785---5.00	33849---10.00	33913---10.00
33722---18.00	33786---35.00	33850---60.00	33914---2.00
33723---5.00	33787---15.00	33851---1.00	33915---2.00
33724---15.00	33788---5.00	33852---25.00	33916---1.00
33725---5.00	33789---10.00	33853---10.00	33917---25.00
33726---810.00	33790---5.00	33854---10.00	33918---2.00
33727---26.00	33791---5.00	33855---2.00	33919---1.00
33728---10.00	33792---10.00	33856---2.00	33920---20.00
33729---4.00	33793---2.00	33857---2.00	33921---3.00
33730---15.00	33794---2.00	33858---1.00	33922---5.00
33731---10.00	33795---10.00	33859---50.00	33923---1.00
33732---20.00	33796---5.00	33860---1.00	33924---10.00
33733---10.00	33797---1.00	33861---2.00	33925---4.00
33734---1.00	33798---12.40	33862---10.00	33926---75.00
33735---1.00	33799---5.00	33863---2.00	33927---1.00
33736---5.00	33800---2.15	33864---6.00	33928---25.00
33737---10.00	33801---5.00	33865---75.00	33929---5.00
33738---5.00	33802---6.00	33866---6.00	33930---10.00
33739---10.00	33803---2.00	33867---3.00	33931---2.00
33740---6.00	33804---11.00	33868---5.00	33932---5.00
33741---10.00	33805---1.00	33869---50.00	33933---10.00
33742---1.00	33806---6.00	33870---10.00	33934---10.00
33743---5.00	33807---2.00	33871---5.00	33935---10.00
33744---20.00	33808---1.00	33872---.25	33936---1.00
33745---10.00	33809---10.00	33873---10.00	33937---5.00
33746---1.00	33810---1.00	33874---1.00	33938---30.00
33747---75.00	33811---5.00	33875---11.09	33939---1.00
33748---1.00	33812---1.00	33876---2.00	33940---10.00
33749---5.00	33813---5.00	33877---15.00	33941---128.40
33750---1.00	33814---5.00	33878---20.00	33942---5.00
33751---5.00	33815---1.00	33879---117.38	33943---10.25
33752---25.00	33816---6.00	33880---2.00	33944---20.00